

POPULAR TALES.

From the Portland Transcript.

THE SCOUT.

BY CHARLES F. LEELEY.

Oh! history has many a darkened tale
Of savage deeds and woman's piteous wail—
Of cabin wrapped in flames, white savage yells
Are the first sign the kindling fire tells!
Oh! perished thus, the stern and hardy band
That cleared the forest of our sailing land.

CHAPTER I.

Nearly a century has rolled away since the events we are about to record transpired. A century! Brief period in the annals of History—passed over, perhaps, with a single dash of the pen—and yet in that time what wonderful revolutions have taken place—revolutions in men, manners and outward conditions of life! One hundred years ago the red man bounded in pursuit of the deer, or crept stealthily on the war-path, where now the husbandman turns up the teeming soil and reaps the golden harvest, or the merchant threads the thronged and busy mart. One hundred years ago the tall forest waved in glory or in gloom over regions where now are smiling farms, thriving villages, and crowded cities. One hundred years ago—but perhaps the contrast will be made more striking to the reader by the relation of our humble story, the incidents of which took place in that remote period of our country's history.

A little over a century ago there was but a solitary log hut on what was then styled the "Causeway," but which in modern years has borne the more homely name of "Horse Tavern"—the location of which is a mile or two from our city on the Stroudwater road. A particular description of the spot will not be necessary to the development of our story; and to the great mass of our readers such a description would doubtless be superfluous, as they are sufficiently acquainted with the localities of the place. It may not be amiss to say, that its present name was derived from its being the general watering place for travellers from the neighboring towns and villages in that direction.

At that time the "Causeway" was covered with a dense growth of woods, which formed a portion of the primeval forest that once extended over our whole city; although the sturdy arms of Falmouth Neck, as Portland was then called, had laid many a leafy monarch low. A man by the name of Wier, or, according to our present orthography, Wyer, had selected this out-of-the-way spot, as it was deemed, for his residence. He had made a small opening, just sufficient to allow room for the erection of his rude hut and to afford a limited space for a garden. Why he chose this place, so remote from the settlement, when men clustered together for mutual safety and protection, it would be difficult to say. Some of the good people of Falmouth, who, like many of their descendants, were fond of indulging in groundless surmises, ascribed it to a sinister motive—shaking their heads very gravely and suspiciously as they spoke of Joe Wier's temerity in thus exposing himself to the attacks of the prowling red man. A number of well-disposed persons cautioned him of the danger which surrounded him, and advised him to move into the settlement.

But Wier was a strong, bold hearted fellow—and a very honest one to boot, for all that we can learn. He had peculiar notions of his own. He did not like a crowd—he wanted plenty of elbow room. A creature of the woods, he feared nothing in human shape. Paying but little attention to the cultivation of the soil, he delighted in following the chase; for which purpose he would absent himself for weeks at a time—roving amid the green forest, and conforming in his mode of life more to that of the savage than his civilized brethren. Joe was not always a follower of the deer and the bear, for in the frequent disturbances of the whites by the red man, he was employed as a scout to the expeditions sent out to punish and drive off the wily foe. Well versed in the cunning so characteristic of the Indian, and capable of enduring equal exposure and fatigue, the savage found in him an inveterate enemy. His prowess was so well known, his name had become a terror to them.

"The varmints know me too well to molest me so long as I have this trusty friend by my side," said he, slapping the bridle of his rusty rifle, which had sent death to the heart of many a wild denizen of the woods.

This was no vain boast, for he was famous far and wide for the accuracy of his shot. Nothing could escape his practised eye. The bird on the wing and the fleet deer alike fell beneath his sure aim. His skill was so great, and his fondness for sport so well known, that in time he was only known as the Hunter—or Hunting Joe—a sobriquet with which he was evidently not a little pleased.

Hunting Joe, or the Scout, as we shall hereafter for brevity's sake style him—for by either name he was equally well known—had not long been established in his new abode when the Fifth French war broke out, in the year '45—the long, dreary, most desolate of those ruthless wars—Time and again the savage hordes swept through the infant settlements with blood and flame, sparing neither age nor sex. The tender infant and the gray-haired sire alike shared the same terrible fate. What the tomahawk and the scalping knife left undone the brand consumed. No one felt safe for a moment. In the fields—in the house of God, and by their bed-sides, the gun was always at hand, ready at a moment's warning. Men who lived apart forsook their dwellings and congregated in block houses for mutual defence and security; and when they ventured abroad they stole out warily—dreading each thicket as an ambush, and fearful that each tree concealed a foe.

CHAPTER II.

In the summer of '46 news was brought to Falmouth that a band of savages had suddenly appeared at New Marlborough, as the town of Windham was then called—a pleasant village about eight or ten miles from Portland. The report stated that they had attacked the dwelling of a Mr. Hanson and butchered all the family save one female. The survivor they had taken into captivity. Early in the morning the distressing intelligence reached Falmouth, and the Scout,

who happened to be there, was the first one to hear it. About one hour afterwards he might have been seen leaving Causeway and plunging into the woods, with his long rifle at a trail, proceeding with hasty strides towards the scene of murder. There was an unusual fire burning in his eye—a dark red spot glowed on each cheek, and his whole countenance bore the expression of a chafed and angry spirit.

He was evidently on no common errand, for he strode the thick forest—right on through thicket and brake—crushing the dead limbs beneath his heavy tread, and dashing aside the dense bushes that beset his way, with a recklessness and haste which betrayed the agitated state of his mind. The startled deer broke from its covert immediately within his range, but he heeded it not;—the shaggy bear muttered an angry growl as he roused it from its lair, but it served not to attract his attention; the stealthy catamount raised its terrific, half-human cry, but his ear heard not the warning. He still pressed on—thoughtless of danger, heedless of the opportunities offered for the exercise of his boasted skill, and regardless of fatigue. With his head slightly bent and his body leaning forward, to have seen him one would have thought that he was wandering at random through the mazy woods. There was no defined path for him to follow—a wild, trackless region of towering trees and heavy underbrush spread out on either hand, presenting at every step the same unbroken, unvarying scene; yet the Scout hesitated not a moment on his way. Now and then, perhaps, he would raise his head, and after throwing a hasty glance around him—gazing for an instant through the opening branches on the sky, he would resume his former position, continuing his route in the same rapid manner.

Mile after mile was traversed in this way until, at length, in an incredibly brief period, he had reached what was then known as Mallison's, now enjoying the unpoetical cognomen of "Horse Beef Falls," in Windham. The dwelling of the murdered family was in this neighborhood, to which his steps were immediately directed. The house was deserted. He entered the battered door, and following a crimson stain that ran along the floor of the front room, he proceeded to the fatal bed room. The stillness of death brooded over the place as he stood there alone gazing on the crimsoned floor, still wet with the blood of the victims. A vengeful gleam in his eyes as his glance rested on the dabbled walls and hearth-stone. For a while he remained silent—his breast heaving with emotion, overmastering his utterance. At length he found words.

"Accursed race!" he muttered between his clenched teeth—"a life for each drop will be too poor a revenge!" and he clutched his rifle with a convulsive grasp, while an expression almost demoniacal shot wildly over his face.

For the reader to understand the cause of the emotion exhibited by the Scout, we need only say, that the murdered mother of the family was his only sister, and the young female carried into captivity was his sole remaining child, who had been on a visit to her aunt during the summer—her own mother being dead. Good reason had he for his emotion, with the blood of his kindred all about him—clinging in clots to his very feet as he crying for vengeance, and a knowledge of his idolized child's captivity—perhaps more cruel suffering and death, racking his mind.

Not long did the unhappy man remain in the chamber of death. With a moan rather than a sigh he left the room, and tightening the belt around his body he prepared on the instant to strike the trail of the foe. Just at that moment a footstep was heard, as of one cautiously approaching the house. The Scout raised his rifle in readiness for use. The door branches crackled beneath the tread of the intruder, but still he entered not the door. Half-hoping that it might be a prowling savage, the Scout loosened his long hunting knife, and then crept softly to the window, disposing himself so as to catch sight of the one outside without exposing his own person.

For a time nothing met his sight. Presently from behind a clump of bushes there emerged—not the expected red man, but a youth of some twenty-three or four years of age. The young man was armed with a rifle and fully equipped as for a long tramp. He was moving carefully around as if in search of some object—first examining the bushes on either hand, and then bending down and intently gazing upon the grass.

At length, as if satisfied with his scrutiny, he was about plunging into the woods, when the Scout addressed him.

"My young friend—Mayberry—where now? This way a moment."

The young man started, and with a look of surprise turned and hastened toward the house, at the door of which he met the Scout. A silent grasp of the hand ensued. There was no occasion for words to explain each other's object.

"I have discovered their trail, sir," said the new-comer with a flushed though sad countenance. "We have no time to lose, come!"

"But you were not going alone?" said the Scout as he stepped in front of the dwelling, glancing gratefully at the young man as he spoke.

"Alone and to the end of the world, sir—for rescue and revenge!" The rest were wanted at home for defence, and they tried to persuade me to remain, but my mind was fixed."

"One word more, young man," said the Scout in a faltering voice—"are all gone—all?"

"Not one saved, sir, but Mabel—every soul of them shockingly butchered! They will be buried from the block house this afternoon."

The Scout hastily dashed a tear from his eye, then grasping his piece he said—"Let us forward—follow me!"

And the two started, like hounds on the scent, in pursuit of the foe, the Scout leading the way,

his more practised eye at once striking the trail.

CHAPTER III.

For some time not a word was said as they made their way through the tangled forest—each seemed to be communing with his own thoughts. The younger, a manly, athletic youth, with a fine fresh countenance, and a determined expression to his features, followed close in the footsteps of his companion, whose tall, sinewy form gave evidence of great physical strength. Although he had long passed the meridian of life, yet age had not dampened his vigor. His face was brown with exposure and well seamed with years, still his rough features wore a kindly expression, although an occasional sternness would steal over them, and an angry, fierce glance gleam from his eyes, as a passing thought of the object he had in view flitted through his brain. The long silence was at last interrupted by the Scout's addressing his companion, without checking his pace, however—

"And so you were going in pursuit alone, my young friend? I honor your courage, boy, but it would have been rash. Unacquainted as you are with the cunning habits of these wood-fenlocks, how could you expect to cope with them single-handed?"

"I could die, sir," said the young man in a determined tone.

"And add one more to the number scored in blood!"—rejoined the Scout. "No, no, young man, life is too precious to be recklessly thrown away. Stout hearts and strong arms are too scarce in the settlements, and we shall need all we can muster before this bloody war is over."

"But you were going alone, were you not?"

"Ay, but my life is not so precious as yours. If Mabel is lost, I should have none to mourn me. Then again I know the nature of these devils, and my chance would be better. I am glad of your company, however, and from my heart I thank you for the interest you take in me and mine. I have heard there was a liking 'tween you and the gall, and I am rejoiced to know that you are worthy of her. With the blessing of heaven we may circumvent them that have her yet, and it so be she is alive and we all get back to the settlements again, she is yours, youngster. But if they have murdered her—"

"You do not fear that event?" said the young man hastily, the glow on his cheeks giving place to the pallor of alarm.

"I don't know, James," replied the Scout, shaking his head doubtfully—"I am loath to think on it—but when their blood is up there's no knowing to what lengths they will go. If they suspected now that any one was on their trail, and she should hinder their flight, her scalp would dangle at their belts in a moment."

The thought of the possibility of such an event produced a protracted silence as they strode on their way brooding over the situation of the captive. Hour after hour passed away and still they slackened not their speed. But a few words passed between them; for besides the necessity of restraining every possible noise through fear of a surprise, they were each too much occupied with their own thoughts to continue a conversation. Many a mile had been passed over, when at last the Scout hesitated in his rapid gait, and shortly came to a dead halt.

The sun was getting low, and the forest was so dense the fading light scarcely penetrated the thick foliage of the overhanging branches. So shrouded in gloom indeed had their way become, that it required the closest scrutiny of the quick-sighted Scout to detect the trail, which at first was broad and distinct, as if the savages had roved carelessly along, thinking pursuit out of question; but for some distance it appeared that they had grown more careful, for it was evident that pains had been taken, if not to conceal, at least to render their route as little marked as possible.

"It's getting too dark to travel farther to-night," said the Scout in a low tone, as he leaned his rifle against the trunk of a fallen pine and wiped the drops from his brow. "Something has occurred to make them more careful, for I have observed the last hour or two the trail has been growing more faint as we proceeded. You see by the prints on the leaves all around us that they made a halt here; probably for consultation. And here you see by the bent twigs that they have struck off in this direction. If they were alarmed they had got over it from the broad trail they made again, or this may be some trick of the deceitful beasts. As there should be a spring near, from the trickling of yonder water," continued the Scout, "we had better make a stop here for the night"—and he proceeded to disencumber himself of his accoutrements.

"But there is still day-light enough to follow their track," said the young man, impatient of delay. "Every moment is important—we have a broad trail before us, why not follow it?"

"Patience, patience, my boy!" said the old man, throwing down his hunting pouch. "This is a hard lesson, but you must learn it. Make haste make waste, are words full of sound wisdom simple as they read, my young friend. I am as anxious to overtake the varmints as you are, but there is more in signs about us than meets the eye, and I want bread day-light to pry into them. We have travelled a smart piece to-day, and a good night's rest will refresh us for an early start in the morning."

So saying the Scout set about those preparations for camping out, which a long acquaintance with a forest life had rendered familiar to him. In a short time his arrangements were completed—every thing was disposed to guard against a sudden attack, and after partaking of a hearty meal of the humble fare they had brought with them they sought their leafy couches—the evening breeze gently waving the tree-tops and producing a lulling murmur among the leaves, occasionally

swaying the branches aside and letting in the rays of the rising moon on the silent and apparently deserted spot.

CHAPTER IV.

The sun was glistering on the tops of the tallest trees ere the young man awoke from a deep slumber, into which he had only fallen at late hour. The mission he was on—the anxiety he felt in the fate of one so dear to his heart, had kept him restless and uneasy. He hardly thought of his own situation—the dangers that surrounded him, although the occasional cry of some wild animal, or the sudden cracking of the dry limbs around him, would for a moment recall him to a sense of his own peril. It was sometime past midnight ere his perturbed mind was sufficiently composed to induce sleep. Even when, from sheer weariness, his senses were locked in slumber, his teeming brain was busy with images connected with the maiden's captivity, plainly manifested by his murmured exclamations, frequent shiftings of position and sudden starts.

When he awoke he sprang upon his feet and turned to arouse his companion, but he found he had got the start of him. Another glance discovered to him the Scout seated on the mossy roots of a tall oak, with the provisions for the morning meal in waiting before him.

"Young limbs require more rest than aged ones," said the old man with a smile, after saluting his companion. "While you have been dreaming there I have been taking a look about us. One cannot pass through the woods as he would on the beaten highway. I told you last night," he continued, as he applied himself to the coarse viands before him, "that we wanted daylight to read the signs hereabouts, and the event has proved that I was right. If we had followed on the route proposed by you last night, James, we should have had a pesky tramp of it and that is all, for our pains. Cunning varmints are they red skins, but they are not so foxy enough to cheat the old Scout!"

"Surely, sir, that is their trail branching off to the right, over the hillock yonder?" asked the young man in a tone of surprise.

"Sartin true, there's no mistake about that, boy. One with half an eye could follow a path marked as that. But see here, just go beyond that clump of bushes, there by that cedar to the left, and bring me what you find."

The young man did as he was bid, and after a brief search returned, with a strip of calico, a mere shred, which he found attached to a thorn bush.

"There," continued the Scout, "the threads you hold come from the poor girl's dress, either left by design or accident. If the former, it proves that she is not frightened out of her wits at any rate; if the latter, I hold it as a sign that Providence is with us and will guide us aright, if we will only do our part by using a proper discretion. I calculate now, that the savages began to suspect that they might be followed, and a part of them were sent off this way, leaving a broad trail, for fools to follow if they will—but not one so well learned in their devilries as the old hunter," added the Scout with a low chuckle.

"By observing the place," he continued, "where you found that piece of cloth, you will find, if you look sharp, Mabel's footprints—on one spot in particular, where she ground her heel into the turf, the brave girl! I as if on purpose. Shoulder your pack, my good fellow, and let us be off. I reckon as how we shall be close on their heels by night fall."

It took but a short time to get ready, and they immediately started off on the new trail, the Scout leading the way with such a rapid pace that his companion, no inexperienced walker, found it difficult to keep up with him.

The trail on which they now struck was that of three persons only, as near as they could make out, the great body of the party having probably gone off in another direction to draw off the pursuit, should one be made, or perhaps on some other predatory expedition. Ere long the Scout found it necessary to slacken his speed, and to examine more carefully to ascertain the route of those they were pursuing. At times the trail would be lost altogether, but the quick eye of the old man, which seemed to take in every object, however minute, at a glance, would soon discover it again. Great precaution was observed as they proceeded, for they knew not how far distant they might be from the foe. At times the young man was directed to ascend some tall tree, which commanded a view of the surrounding country, in order to detect any sign of the fugitives—at other times the Scout would come to a stand and place his ear to the ground for the same purpose. But except the trail, they had as yet discovered nothing.

CHAPTER V.

It was now getting towards noon, and the two in pursuit were moving steadily though briskly forward, for of late the trail had grown at every step more and more fresh, giving assurance that the party they were seeking could not be a great distance in advance of them, when the Scout made a sudden halt.

"Hist!" said he in a low whisper, to his companion, pointing at the same time to a clump of thick bushes that crowned a slight ascent a short distance in front of them. "I don't like the looks of things yonder. See to your arms, my lad, we may have a use for them presently."

The young man hastily reprimed his piece and held it ready for immediate action.

"Wait here," continued the Scout, "while I take a peep about us. There may be mischief in the neighborhood." So saying he plunged into the underbrush at his right and disappeared.

For some time the young man stood his ground, waiting in anxious expectation, with his eyes fixed steadfastly on the thicket. He could see nothing

to cause the alarm exhibited by the Scout. Every thing at first appeared as usual, and he began to wonder at the movements of his companion. Presently, however, he discovered a slight movement among the branches in the center of the clump, which under ordinary circumstances would not have attracted his notice. In a short time the bushes became more agitated, accompanied by a snapping of the dry twigs. A moment more and the young man was startled by the sight of a large catamount which emerged from the cover along the trunk of a mossy tree, which had fallen into it, and stood crouched on the projecting butt immediately before him, lashing his tail and eyeing him with an angry, flashing glance, in the very attitude of pouncing upon him.

As quick as thought the young man brought his rifle to his shoulder, and was just on the point of drawing the trigger, when a warning from the Scout restrained him.

"Don't fire, youngster, don't fire. Get a tree between you if possible and leave him to me."

The sound of the Scout's voice seemed to divert the attention of the animal, for he turned his head in the direction whence it came, gnashing his fangs and impatiently clawing the decayed trunk with his cat-like paws. The young man seized the opportunity and made a movement with the intention of securing the cover of a large tree a few feet from him. He had scarcely taken the first step, when with the quickness of lightning the formidable beast turned and gathered himself for a spring, uttering at the same time the peculiar cry which always precedes, or rather accompanies the fatal leap. The young man gave himself up for lost; but at that instant the sharp report of a rifle rang through the woods, and the panther, bounding high in the air, fell struggling within a few feet of where he stood spell-bound with fear.

"There's an end to that varmint!" exclaimed the Scout bursting from a thick copse near by. "But take care of yourself, my lad," he shouted, "for the critter is terrible in his agonies, and hardly safe when life is gone."

"I have made worse shots in my life than that," continued he, as he pointed to a dark spot in the forehead of the writhing animal, whence the warm blood was fast oozing. "He's a wicked thing when his rage is up, and bad as a red skin every inch of him. But we have no time to waste over him. I was loath to fire, for the report may reach the ears of those who need but the falling of a leaf to rouse their suspicions." So saying the Scout carefully reloaded his piece and hastened again on the pursuit.

Casting a glance on the expiring panther, whose dying eyes still gleamed ferociously on him as he passed, young Mayberry followed his companion, grateful for his late escape, yet fearful that the report of the gun might betray their approach to the savages and thus jeopardise the life of the captive, or at any rate put them on their guard and so prevent a surprise.

CHAPTER VI.

The same anxiety on account of the report of the gun that troubled the young man's mind seemed also to burden the thoughts of the Scout, for after travelling along some time in silence, he remarked in a low tone—

"These woods are master places for carrying sound! I've heard 'fore now, when I've been out hunting, a report go echoing through the forest, just as though each tree had a tongue of its own, and so caught up and repeated the sound to its neighbor, until it went clean through the whole tract. But I hope there are no such tall-tale trees in these parts, for if they should bear that pesky shot to the red skins we are in search of, it would be an evil report for us, I consate, though we raised it ourself."

"Tread softly, my boy," continued the Scout, "and don't disturb the bushes more than you can help. We must be careful of our trail, for there's no telling how many varmints there may be prowling around us."

Every step was now taken with the greatest caution. Particular care was observed to prevent the least noise—even the snapping of a twig—and our two friends pressed forward so softly and stealthily that they scarcely disturbed the dry leaves in their path. From the signs around them the hunter knew that the Indians could not be far off. At one spot which they reached about two hours after their affair with the panther, the marks were so fresh, the Scout assured his companion that they could not have left it but a short time before. The savages had evidently set about preparing a hasty meal, and it was possible the report of the gun here reached them, for there were obvious marks of a hurried departure.

As the new-comers cast searching glances around them, the Scout prying into the neighboring bushes as if fearful of an ambuscade, the quick eye of the young man caught sight of an object which sent the blood with a warmer flow through his veins. The place in which they found themselves was a small area, nearly surrounded with lofty trees, whose overhanging branches cast a deep shade over it. On one side a mossy tree lay stretched along the ground, its extremities concealed by the underbrush into which it had fallen. In a slight crevice occupied as the maiden's seat, as if placed there to attract attention, the young man detected a bead bracelet, which he at once recognized as a gift of his own to Mabel. It was a token to him that she anticipated a pursuit, and his heart was thrilled with a secret pleasure, for it assured him that she had confidence in him and relied on his exertions to rescue her from captivity. It showed also that she was not disheartened, but still retained her spirits unbroken.

As he eagerly directed the attention of his companion to the discovery, the Scout's eye brightened and a complacent smile lighted up his features as he remarked in a barely audible whisper, "Ay, the gall has a quick wit and a courageous heart, though she is a darter of mine. She is worth fighting for, boy, and when the time comes I hope your heart won't fail you."

"I hope you don't doubt me, sir!" said the youth, reddening slightly as he spoke.

"Disturb you, youngster!" replied the Scout in tone of honest sincerity, "never you think of it. I only thought I would give you a hint of what is before us. There may be blood spilt before we see the end of this business. One or both of us may lay our bones in this forest—there's no saying, for these red skins have a sure

eye and seldom burn powder for nothing. If either of us fall, I pray I may be the one, and, for in course of nature, I can't last long, and the old tree can be better spared than the young. However, as long as I can raise my rusty old friend here—ha!" said he, with a sudden start—"what is that?"

A slight rustling of the dry leaves was heard a little distance off, as if some one were making their way cautiously through the thick underbrush which sprung up in every direction. "To cover, James!" whispered the Scout, "to cover and lie close!" and he crept softly behind the huge pine against which he had been leaning. The young man followed his example, darting behind a dense thicket, where he could observe the Scout's movement as well as reconnoitre the spot he had left.

He had barely secreted himself, when a tall savage was seen to advance with snake-like motion into a little opening just beyond the small enclosure we have mentioned. He paused for a moment after emerging from the bushes, and then glancing furtively around, he bent down and applied his ear to the ground. The slightest sound—even the mere movement of a foot, so keen is the sense of hearing in the Indian, might have betrayed them. Scarcely drawing a full breath, the concealed party watched with no little anxiety the motions of the wary savage.

From where young Mayberry stood he had the Indian completely in his range and at his mercy, and he turned his head inquiringly toward the Scout and made a motion to that effect. The old man shook his head negatively, and he turned again to observe the further movements of the red man. In the mean time the savage, as if satisfied with his security, raised himself from his bent posture and crept silently away in the direction whence they had come.

For ten minutes or more the white men remained perfectly motionless in their covert, at the expiration of which the Scout left his post, and after throwing careful glances around him and bending his ear to the ground, beckoned the young man to follow him.

"I could have brought him down without fail," said the latter in a cautious whisper as he joined his companion.

"Yes, and brought the whole pack upon us at the same time," added the old man in the same undertone. "There's no telling how many of the serpents there are about here—the woods may be alive with them. But I don't understand the meaning of this fellow's lurking so slyly in this direction," he continued with a doubtful shake of his head.

"Perhaps," suggested the younger, "he was sent back to ascertain about the firing."

"I believe you're right, James—that must be it. And the cunning dog will return on our trail, and try to sarcent us that way. But he's run by the game for a dead certainty this time, and let us profit by it."

After again cautioning his companion to be silent and wary—an admonition the latter felt to be entirely useless—the two started briskly forward on the trail they had been so long following, and which promised to lead them ere long to the objects of their pursuit. The day was fast drawing to a close as they struck again into the woods, scarcely affording light sufficient to discern the faint tracks by which their steps were guided.

CHAPTER VII.

By the margin of a little stream, which flowed from a gradual descent and wound its noiseless way around the roots of old trees—now trickling unseen through the green herbage, whose fibres it nourished in return for the protection afforded—and now lapsing gently under the fallen and decaying trunks which extended across but did not obstruct its course—and at last stealing its way through a broad open space, a green little forest nook, fit spot for fairy gambols in the pale moonlight, which now shed its mild radiance over the scene—by the margin of this quiet water course—part way up the slight ascent—was seated, or rather reclined a young maiden on a mossy knoll, just out of the shade of wide spreading elm. Her dress was somewhat rent and wayworn, and her countenance, as revealed by the full harvest moon, betokened much exhaustion and not a little anxiety, although there was something in the expression of her features which spoke of a spirit unbroken. Her face was singularly handsome, and her form, notwithstanding the disarrangement of her dress, betrayed much natural grace.

At the moment we have introduced her to the reader her glance was directed to the many little openings in the surrounding forest, watching the curious effects of the light and shade—the deep shadows of the trees and the tall bushes falling sharp and distinct on the dark turf—forming a grotesquely chequered scene, as well as a picture of unrivalled beauty. Agitated and burdened as was the heart of the maiden it was not insensible to the softening influence of the scene. As her gaze lingered on the different points of attraction for the time she forgot the terrible scene she had but recently passed through and the horrors of her present situation. Her captivity and the probable fate that awaited her wholly passed from her mind.

In this dreamy state of forgetfulness her eye was following down the meanderings of the rivulet, which in the bright moonbeams appeared like a stream of molten silver, until its course was lost in a dark clump of bushes which bounded the small opening, when she gave an involuntary start, while an exclamation of delighted surprise arose to her lips. Ere it found utterance she had the presence of mind to restrain it. The next moment the dark form of a savage rose stealthily in the shade behind her. The deep guttural monotone made use of, by the red man when surprised—"Hugh!"—was uttered in a subdued voice, giving evidence that the movement of the maiden, slight as it was, had not escaped his observation.

For three or four minutes the gaze of the savage was riveted on the spot to which her glance had been so lately directed, while his hand clutched the fatal tomahawk, ready for instant action. The maiden held her breath, while her heart beat almost audibly—half in hope half in fear. Sometime elapsed, yet nothing unusual met their gaze; but presently a slight rustling was heard among the bushes, and soon after a young dog was seen to emerge hastily from the thicket, gaz-

ing around in a startled manner. For a moment it stood with its head half turned to its late covert, then slowly stalking towards the little stream, it lapped while the bright waters and shortly after plunged again into the bushes; and the same deep solitude as before reigned over the scene. As if his suspicions were lulled to rest, the savage soon after sank quietly back on his leafy couch, and ere long his heavy breathing assured the maiden that his senses were again locked in slumber.

Mabel—for the reader will recognize the Scout's daughter in the young female we have been speaking of—listened with a glistering eye to the deep respirations of the sleeper. In order to test the soundness of his slumber, she moved her feet so as to produce a rustling noise among the crisp leaves around her, and then awaited in anxious expectation the result of the trial. But the sleep of the Indian was too heavy to be thus easily broken. Under ordinary circumstances, probably, even the slight noise she had made would have aroused him at once; but the night previous, which was that succeeding the massacre—as well as that in which the fatal deed was perpetrated—had been sleepless ones—and this, with the fatigue of a long tramp, had induced a deeper slumber than usual.

Having satisfied herself that her captor was not feigning, Mabel again turned her eyes toward the thicket with a beating and anxious heart. She had not gazed long, when a dark object was seen creeping slowly and warily in the deep shadows of the bushes, and presently a young man stepped cautiously into the patch of moonlight in front. Though the thicket was at some distance, the quick eye of the girl immediately recognized the intruder. A warm blush suffused her pale cheeks and her bosom throbbled with a new emotion as her glance fell on the form of one whose presence, it may well be supposed, was never more welcome than at this trying moment. Yet amid the thrill of joy which the presence of her lover inspired there mingled no small degree of fear. She supposed that he had come to her rescue alone; and though she had no doubt he might easily overcome the sleeping savage, what if the other—who had in reality been sent back, as young Mayberry supposed, to ascertain the cause of the shot—what if he should return? Every moment she expected to hear his footsteps, for the hour had past when he should have been there—and what could her lover do single-handed with two such powerful foes?

Forgetting her own situation in the danger that menaced one so dear to her, she almost regretted his appearance. Not long, however, did she entertain this feeling, for a moment after, to her great joy, she beheld her father standing by his side. The gaze of both were apparently fixed on her. She was soon satisfied that she was seen by them, for after a brief consultation, her father either made a sign to that effect or beckoned to her. What should prevent her starting away to their protection? In the first impulse of the moment she vainly made the attempt. Vainly, we say, for her crafty captors had taken the precaution to guard against a flight, by confining her limbs, both arms and feet, and thus rendering her entirely helpless. Answering the sign made by her father by holding up her fettered arms, she then exerted her strength to remove the things from her ankles. But they resisted all her efforts; and when from sheer exhaustion she gave over, for the first time since her captivity the poor girl wept. Finding that her struggles were impotent she cast a tearful glance towards her friends and again raised her imprisoned arms, thus giving them to understand that she could do nothing for herself. Shaking their heads affirmatively, as if they comprehended her meaning, the two seemingly held another consultation, immediately after which they fell back into the shade and were lost to sight.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was very evident from the cautious movements of her friends that they were unaware of the number of her captors. Had they known the true state of the case, they would undoubtedly have taken bolder measures for her rescue—the advantages being altogether on their side. They were pretty well convinced that there were but two at the most to deal with, although they were not sure that others had not joined them. Even to get the captive safely out of the clutches of two only they felt to be a hazardous game, well knowing that if their attempt were discovered the first blow would fall on her head. Aware of this, their proceedings were marked by the greatest possible security.

Knowing that some plan had been matured for her release, Mabel waited the issue with trembling apprehension. Holding her breath that she might catch the first intimation of the approach of her deliverers, her patience was sorely tested. Minute after minute passed away—each one seeming an age in her state of suspense—and still all was silent as death. Once only she thought she heard a scarce perceptible rustle among the leaves at a distance; and her eyes were immediately turned upon the sleeping savage, dreading lest the noise should break his slumbers. But he still slept on—breathing heavily, and occasionally muttering unintelligibly in his sleep. At one time she thought all was lost, for the Indian suddenly half-raised himself, uttering at the same time a slight exclamation of surprise. The action and the utterance were probably occasioned by the fitting of some wild thought through his brain, for he soon settled away again in the same unconsciousness as ever.

Mabel now listened with renewed intensity for signs indicating the approach of her friends, but not a sound could be heard. There was not so much as the falling of a leaf to break the grave-like stillness. Dreading either the awaking of the sleeper or the return of the absent, her anxiety increased every moment. The feeling of suspense—of uncertainty—grew so strong that it almost amounted to torture, and she found it difficult to sustain herself amid the conflicting emotions that agitated her breast. Again and again she bent her ear in the hope of catching an approaching sound—and for the hundredth time her searching glance was riveted on different points whence she expected the appearance of her deliverers; but all in vain. With a sickening emotion and a sigh of disappointment wrung from the very depths of her heart, she bent her head for a moment, half yielding to the weight that

oppressed her, when a slight touch on her arm almost caused her to shriek out in alarm, so sudden and unexpected was the action.

"For your life be still!" whispered her father in her ear.

It required all the effort she could command to obey him—so full and strong was the tide of feeling that rushed through her heart. A moment hardly transpired when she felt the things that bound her wrists giving way and at last dropping from them. Her first impulse was to throw her liberated arms around her parent's neck. The Scout received and returned the embrace in silence, then in a low whisper said—

"Here, my child, take the knife and loose your feet. Quick, Mabel, for time is precious! How many of the varmints are they, gall?" he added, as she bent over to sever the cords.

Ere she could return the answer, a slight crashing and a hasty step among the underbrush a little in front of them struck her ear.

"Oh God, father, he's returned!" exclaimed the maiden half-aloud, forgetful in her alarm of every thing else.

The words had barely left her lips when a tall savage bounded, with a shrill whoop from the bushes a few yards in advance of them, brandishing his tomahawk in the very act of launching it at the halftopping girl. As quick as thought the Scout sprang to his feet and confronted him, interposing his own body as a shield to his child. The action of the Scout frustrated the purpose of the Indian; and he poised his weapon to strike down his opponent. His arm was thrown back and the glittering instrument was just on the point of being sent on its fatal errand, when the flash of a gun lit up the deep shadows of the forest, followed by a sharp report—and rifle ball whistled directly over the shoulder of the Scout. A dead, crushing sound was heard—a smothered shriek—and the tall savage bounded high in the air and fell headlong among the underbrush.

"Bravely done, my boy!" shouted the old man exultingly, as his glance rested on the dead Indian; "shouldn't have been ashamed of that shot myself! But there's other work for us yet. How many of the red devils are there, Mabel?" said he turning quickly around.

The scene that met his gaze checked at once every feeling of exultation. It was his daughter darting down the declivity and across the opening and the lately sleeping Indian in full pursuit, with the long hunting knife of the Scout held threateningly toward her. The first impulse of the Scout was to fly to her rescue, but a moment's thought convinced him that before he could reach her it would be late to save her. A second glance also revealed to him the young man rushing to her assistance, though the distance between the parties was so great there was no hope of his being able to reach the infuriated savage in time to prevent the accomplishment of his fatal purpose. Something, however, must be done, and that too shortly, for the Indian was fast closing upon the terrified maiden, who continued her flight directly across the area.

Springing to the little hillock on which he and his daughter had rested at the time they met, the Scout caught up his rifle and aimed it at the savage. He hesitated, however, for the foe was directly in range of his daughter, and he was fearful the same ball might carry death to her as well as to her pursuer. By this time the Indian was within a few feet of his victim. Alas! his arm was extended to seize her, when the Scout hastily lowered his rifle and shouted with a voice to which despair lent strength—

"Double on him, gall! Turn this way, for your life!"

As quick as a flash the panting maid turned short on her pursuer in the direction of her father. The movement was so sudden that she gained considerably on the baffled savage. Once more the Scout raised his rifle with a deliberate aim, and taking advantage of the very moment when the savage was out a slight range, which brought his person boldly out to view, while the maiden, being in a small hollow, was out of his range, the trigger was drawn. If ever the Scout prayed it was at that fearful moment. His child's existence hung on the steadiness of his nerve—yet he faltered not. One step only had the Indian taken when the bright flame leaped from the muzzle—a ringing report followed—and when the smoke cleared away, the long hunter's knife was seen glittering in moonbeams, flying through the air, while the hand that so lately held it was beating the earth in the paroxysms of death. In a moment after the still flying maiden was clasped to the panting breast of young Mayberry, in whose arms she rested unscathed, though faint and exhausted and scarcely aware of her safety.

CHAPTER IX.

"Is she hurt?" anxiously exclaimed the Scout, as he rushed to the spot where his daughter stood supported by the young man; "Mabel, Mabel—speak to me, child!"

"No, dear father," was her faint reply, throwing herself into his arms, "I am safe, thank God! But where is he—the Indian!" and she glanced fearfully around her.

"Where he can shed no more innocent blood!"—replied the old man with a stern solemnity.

"There lies the varmint—there, where, if a merciful Providence spares my life, many more of the accursed race will lie before I'm done with them! But come, James, we must be getting ready for a start. Pick up the knife yonder and see that your piece is well loaded—the whooping demons may be upon us before we know it. Sit you down, my darter, and rest yourself, for we have a long and rough road before us, and you will need all your strength."

While the young man obeyed the Scout's order, the old man, after charging his rifle, stepped to the side of the dead Indian and rolled the corpse into a deep hollow, carefully covering it with the dead leaves to conceal it from sight should the savages be drawn to the spot by the firing; for he well knew if they discovered the bodies of the slain, they would pursue them with an unflinching vigilance and wreak on them a bloody vengeance. But a short time elapsed ere the party were on the move. Slowly and silently they threaded the gloomy forest—the Scout leading the way—stopping at short intervals to listen if aught could be heard of the dreaded foe. But no sound broke the deep silence, save the faint rustle occasioned by their passage through the underbrush. Once

only was it disturbed. Far behind them, swelling faintly on the night air, was heard what at first sounded like an Indian yell.

"Oh God," whispered the maiden in a tremulous tone—a cold shudder running through her frame, "I hear them! They will soon overtake us—they are howling over the slain!"

The Scout stopped short, motioning for silence, while he stood in the attitude of one intently listening. A minute or two elapsed when the same sound was born more loudly to their ears.

"There, father, do you not hear them?" said the maiden in a voice of increased alarm.

"Ay," replied the Scout in a low tone, evidently of relief, "I hear them sure enough. They are howling over the dead—but cheer up, Mabel, they are not Indians. The wolves, gall, are feasting on the varmints. 'Tis a dismal sound in a lone forest, and I've known the time when it has made me tremble as you do at this moment. But we have nothing to fear from them now—the critters are too busy over the dead to meddle with the living."

Throughout the night the party kept on their way. Their progress was very slow, for the maiden was worn down with fatigue, although she bore herself bravely—refusing to acknowledge her weariness, but urging them on when they proposed a halt for the purpose of rest, so anxious was she to reach the settlements. Nor was the anxiety of her protectors much less than her own, for they knew not but their steps were tracked, and each moment they expected to be assailed by the treacherous and blood-thirsty foe.

Morning dawned ere they ventured at last to come to a halt; when exhausted nature gave way the maiden fell into a deep slumber. The sun had got far up in the heavens ere she was aroused, when, refreshed by her repose, she started with renewed vigor on her toilsome journey.

It will be needless to follow them on their wild and wearisome way. After a most fatiguing march—rendered doubly so by the precautions they deemed it necessary to take—now diverging widely from the direct course in order to mislead a pursuit—now forcing their way over broken ledges and through rocky and difficult places, where they would be least likely to leave a trail—practising a thousand arts which the sagacity of the Scout prompted to baffle their pursuers in case they were followed—they finally at the close of the second day, to their great satisfaction, reached the Scout's hut on the Causeway.

We will not attempt to portray the joy of the maiden when she stood once more safely within her father's humble dwelling. The dreadful scenes in which she had been a partaker seemed more like a dream than the reality, although often as the thought of the night of the bloody massacre, a cold shudder evinced how indelibly was that shocking scene fixed upon her memory.

We presume some of our readers would hardly be satisfied unless we adverted more particularly to one incident connected with two of the personages of our humble history. We allude, of course, to Mabel and her chivalrous lover, whose bravery was in due time rewarded by the possession of her, who, when in peril, aroused in him the bold resolve of rescuing her or of perishing in the attempt. The hearty blessing invoked on the young couple by the Scout after the ceremony, and the honest sincerity with which he addressed the bridegroom, fully evinced his satisfaction on the occasion.

"James, my boy," said he grasping his hand, "I told you you should have her, and I am more proud to receive you as a son than if you were the King's own—with all his grandeur and gold—for I know you are worthy of the gall; and may she make you as good a wife as I am certain you will be to her a good husband!"

As for the Scout, it is only necessary to add that the red man found in him a persevering foe throughout the long years of that cruel war. The butchery of his sister was never forgotten; and whenever a savage fell beneath his sure aim, his exclamation—"One more drop atoned for!"—evinced a determination to fulfill to the letter, if possible, the threat called for by a sight of his kindred's blood—"A life for a drop!"

But as we may have occasion to refer to him hereafter, we will for the present take our leave of him, assuring the reader that the Scout is no offspring of imagination, but the counterpart of one who lived and acted at the time and amid the scenes we have attempted to describe.

DUELING.—Governor Roman of Louisiana, says in his late Message:—

"The law against duelling has become a dead letter. The slight regard paid to it by juries, even when the testimony is undeniable, shows that its execution is impossible so long as the country adheres to its present manners and prejudices. Laws which cannot be executed should be repealed or modified. If the punishment of death were replaced by imprisonment, if the survivor and seconds were rendered jointly and severally liable for the debts of him who falls, if the guilty were besides liable for large damages to be recovered before a civil tribunal by the heir of the deceased, the end the Legislature had in view would probably be better accomplished."

THE REASON.—The best account of the why and wherefore of Whig defeat is the following from the Natches Free Trader. We hope our Whig contemporaries will read and honestly admit its truths:—

"They govern the country! They couldn't govern themselves. What did they do in their short lived hour? They repealed the Subsidy. Did they provide a substitute? They distributed money among the States, to be recalled at an expense of 12 per cent. It is an easy job to pull things to pieces. It requires skill to build—concert and unity to recreate and perfect. They had no architect among them. There was force and inclination enough to destroy, and they did it, like the children who cut the leather of the bellows to see where the air came from. They have been whipped for it, like those children."

COMING ON.—The case of James G. Bennett, editor of the N. Y. Herald, indicted for libel, is set down for Thursday next.

THE TREASURY DOCUMENTS.

We have received two Reports of the Secretary of the Treasury, one on the finances generally, the other devoted to the subject of a new fiscal agent.

The expenditures of the Whig administration, the present year, are \$32,025,070,70, being a large increase on those of 1840, when the extravagant Democracy were in power! The expenditures for 1842 are estimated at \$32,791,010 78. The receipts for 1842 (exclusive of the land revenue and without any increase of the tariff) are estimated at \$18,572,440 72, leaving a deficit of \$14,218,570 68. This deficit is proposed to be supplied by a loan of \$6,500,000, a reissue of Treasury Notes amounting to \$5,000,000, and increase of the tariff for the balance as well as to raise an additional \$2,000,000, for a surplus in the Treasury. It will be seen that the people gained nothing, on the score of economy, by the change of administration which took place last year.

The Report on the Fiscal Agent is very ably drawn (the Globe thinks with Mr. Webster's help) and is accompanied by a Bill calculated to carry its views into effect. We must content ourselves at present with giving the important provisions of the Bill, leaving our readers to judge of the proposed fiscalist without the aid of this Cabinet argument in its favor.

1st. The bill establishes a board of Exchequer, composed of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Treasurer, and three Commissioners (the latter to be appointed by the President and Senate, one for two, one for four, and one for six years, to be only removable for inability, neglect or violation of duty and to receive an annual salary, with power to establish moneyed agencies throughout the country, and to appoint the officers managing them; reserving to the Secretary of the Treasury the appointment of the inferior officers—the Board of Exchequer fixing the compensations.

2d. This Board and its agents are to have the custody and disbursements of the National Treasury confided to it, and to perform all the duties of commissioner of loans, and manager of pensions.

3d. It is authorized to receive deposits of money from individuals (not beyond fifteen millions) and to issue certificates thereof for circulation—a per centage being charged to cover risk of loss &c., and the certificates to be redeemable only at the place of issue.

4. It is empowered to pass all by-laws that it may deem expedient to give effect to its powers. 5. It is authorized to issue fifteen millions in Treasury notes, from the denomination of five dollars to one thousand, said notes to be redeemable in specie at the places of their issue—and one third of their amount to be kept on hand for this purpose in gold and silver.

6. The dues of Government are to be collected in specie or notes of specie paying banks, and weekly settlements are to be had by the Exchequer with the banks whose notes they receive.

7. It is authorized to draw drafts or bills, without limit, and to sell the same for a premium, not exceeding two per cent.

8. It is authorized to buy Domestic Bills; but they must be drawn in one State and payable in another, must be payable as soon as 30 days from date and must be bought with the consent of at least two officers of the board or agency—and the officers of the Exchequer are prohibited from buying bills in which they are themselves interested, and from charging more, in their purchases, than a specified premium.

9. It is empowered to issue stock of the Government of the United States, limited to five millions, whenever the Board find it necessary to contract loans, within that amount, in order properly to carry on its operations.

10. It is authorized to establish banks for its agencies at its discretion.

11. It is provided that no Agency in a State shall, contrary to any law which such State may enact, receive any other deposits than those of the United States, or make or sell drafts, or purchase bills, other than such as shall be necessary in the collection, transfer and disbursement of the public funds.

12. The bill provides that any member of the board or its agencies who shall apply to his own use any portion of the public moneys, shall be deemed guilty of felony, and so punishable—and that if he be guilty of any other malpractice by which the responsibility of the board or the agency shall be improperly increased, he shall be deemed guilty of misdemeanor and punishable with fine and imprisonment.—Argus.

Upon this machine, which we have only time thus to delineate, the Globe makes the following comments:—

"In this we have concentrated all the powers of a Bank, and more, superadded to the Independent Treasury, as organized by the lately repealed law. If the latter embraced all the powers of the sword and purse, the Exchequer system embraces both, with the addition of power over the exchanges—in buying and selling them to any amount—not only with the money, but with the credit of the Government—in this, at once carrying the political machinery of the Nation into the business, the exchange, or in other words, the transport trade of individuals—which with its ramifications, embraces the vast commercial employments which in all countries appertain almost exclusively to the mercantile classes.

It not only takes possession of the purse of the nation, but that of the private citizen, by taking it on deposit, and founding on it, a new currency of certificates.

It renews the connection of the Government and the Banks, and in a way giving infinitely more power over them than could in any other form be obtained by Government, by receiving their notes on deposit, in the purchase of the exchanges sold by it, as well as Treasury receipts, which, with the power of selection given will enable the Government to build up favored banks and destroy others at pleasure. It is in a word, a vast Government Bank, in comparison with which, the hydra feared in the Independent Treasury, as depicted in the speech of Mr. Clay, shrinks into nothing.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.—The Indiana House of Representatives has passed a law abolishing entirely imprisonment for debt, by a vote of 86 to 10.

THE RAIL ROAD PROJECT.

The new Rail Road Project of the Postmaster General is served up by the Richmond Enquirer in the following manner:—

NEW PROPOSITION.

We have laid down before our readers the Report of the Secretary of War—and we now lay before them the Report of the Postmaster General. They will be struck with the suggestion of a similar proposition in both Reports, viz: the creation of a new public debt for the purpose of purchasing from the Railroads the constant right to use the roads for the transportation of the mails, munitions, &c. The republican party will scarcely accede to such a novel proposition. Have they the Constitutional authority to create a debt for the purpose of mixing itself, in this way, with the Internal Improvements of the country?—But admitting, for the sake of argument, such a title to be clear, is it expedient to bind the U. S. for all time to come, to pay for a Railroad, which may go down—or which the U. States may not want?—May not this encouragement stimulate the creation of new companies, and the establishment of new Roads, beyond the legitimate means and wants of the country, under the hope of obtaining the assistance of the Scrip of the Uncle Sam? The fact is, indeed, the States ought never to establish a railroad, without providing some impartial tribunal, in case of a collision with the U. S. and the company, for settling what the former shall fairly pay for the use of a Road, whenever that use occurs, and no longer. Such a provision ought now to be engrained (in every case where it has been previously omitted,) whenever the Rail Road Company presents itself to the Legislature for additional aid, or further enactments.

The Charleston Mercury has anticipated us in the course we meant to pursue, upon submitting these two Reports before our readers. It throws out the following suggestions, in some remarks, which it makes upon an article from the Enquirer, against the Distribution law and its increased Tariff.

"Desperate hard times!" says the usurer, when he is about to fleece some poor wretch to the tune of 40 per cent. 'Deficiencies in the Treasury,' cry the Whigs, when they have determined to thrust robber hands into the public purse, and make a pretext of enormous taxes by first committing unprecedented waste.

"But the most extraordinary indication of a determination at all events to run up a debt for the purpose of crushing commerce is to be found in the proposition of the Postmaster General, to fund the expenses of the Post Office Department from this time to the end of the world!! To pay the Railroads a present sum in lieu of an annual charge for carrying the Mail!! This would be to bind the U. States forever to send the Mail over these particular routes—no matter how inconvenient in time they might become—or to lose the money paid. It would be paying before-hand for the perpetual transportation of the Mail without the possibility of having any security that the Companies would continue in existence for ten years, or that they would be able to fulfil the contract for one!

"The scheme seems to have been devised for the simple purpose of providing an excuse for contracting another public debt and quattering the Post Office Department on the Custom House. 'We wonder Mr. Webster has not proposed to fund the office of Secretary of State, and that Congress should vote him in ready cash the value of his office from now till the day of judgment. It would be a "financial measure" exactly of a piece with this proposition of the Postmaster General."

The Whig Editor of the N. Y. New World, also, gives the scheme a smart rap in the following paragraph:—

"The Postmaster General informs Congress in his report, that he has decided upon taking 10 per cent. from the salaries of the Deputy Postmasters, and that this reduction of the expenditures of the Department will save some \$100,000. In the report he complains of the enormous sums exacted by railroad companies, and by way of mending the matter, proposes a measure which would put to the blush the highest Tory in her Majesty's Ministry. He wants the Government to lend these very monopolies \$8,000,000, so as to enable them to pay their debts, and charge less for transporting the mails! We hope that there are Democrats enough in Congress, both Whigs and Opposition, to put down this new plan of accumulating a public debt. But we shall reserve this topic for future discussion—our object being to place it in contrast with that "spirit of parsimonious economy" which, to save a miserable \$100,000, that might be secured in thousands of other ways, (by reducing, for instance, the Postmaster General's own salary, and the salaries of his clerks,) proposes to take away from numbers of industrious, hard-working men, a considerable portion of the small spend which they now receive for day work and night work, for laboring in season and out of season."

GOVERNMENT DEBT.—The Boston Courier in speaking of the Loan Bill, now before Congress, says:—

"In one view, it may receive the active support of the Protectionists. Should the "exigencies of the government" require many more loans, government will soon need a tariff of duties to provide for the payment of the interest of the public debt, that will be quite high enough to answer all the wishes of the most ardent advocates of protection. The enemies of protection are willing to tax imports for revenue, and thus perhaps protection may be indirectly obtained."

VERY KIND.—The London Sun is out in favor of General Scott for the Presidency. "For our own part," says the Sun, "we should gladly see him President of the United States." The British editors bear a remarkable love for our Bank Whig Generals.

The Monarchs in Philadelphia have taken a large room in the Assembly Buildings, are carpeting it, and fixing it up for regular service on Sundays.

It's coming.—We find the following notice in the New York Evening Post, printed on Tuesday last:—

"A NEW DISCLOSURE AS TO THE ELECTION FRAUDS OF 1838 AND 1839.—We have received and shall publish to-morrow a card signed by James B. Glentworth, announcing the intention of the writer to make a full and complete disclosure of the enormous frauds in the elections of 1838 and 1839. The card contains some extraordinary statements, and professes to be a prelude to revelations which, if sustained by such evidence as is shadowed forth, will excite a deep sensation in the community. For the sake of public justice and political morality, let the exposure come, fall the ruin where it may."

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JANUARY 4, 1842.

THE NEW YEAR.

The rapid flight of time, so rapid that it is hard to realize, has added another revolution to the numbers that have preceded it on its way to eternity! 1841, with the numerous and familiar events that have chequered its history, has gone, to be numbered with the things that were. As rapidly will 1842 pass away—its great and little events, to each individual of the great human family so important, but to the great history of time so trivial.

The departed year has been full of interesting and important events to political history; though but few brilliant incidents, that will themselves form themes for succeeding poets and philosophers, have taken place, yet as a whole 1841 will form not an uninteresting page in history. In tyranny and bloodshed, as well as all years gone before, it has many examples. As we now read and pity the atrocities of olden times, the bloody fruit of ambition and ignorance, succeeding generations will read of the commotions in the old world—the war upon Syria and upon China—and shudder at the recital of the starvation and slavery of the English, and the opulence and ease of their lords and masters. Crushed to the earth as the people of England are, they have arrived at the time when it will be in vain longer to postpone their demands for great and searching reforms, reforms which they themselves will make if their oppressors still remain deaf to their cries. The people of all Europe have been rapidly moving toward a change in their condition, and the past year will be important for the causes that have occurred to accelerate its progress.

In our own history 1841 has been an important leaf. It has seen a great party, intoxicated with triumph, and bold and insolent from success, installed in power. Rash and unreflecting in their principles, tyrannical and desperate in their measures to perpetuate themselves, that power was shamefully abused. But in the very heat and hour of their triumph, while like famished wolves they rushed in hordes to glut upon the spoils they always professed to hate, Providence removed their chief, and substituted one more firm against the demands of the thousand political gamblers and speculators, whose hard-cider orgies and log cabin follies disgraced the year 1840. Then came the Extra Session of Congress, exposing to a deceived and cheated people the change so long shouted for—the exhumed bones of old Federalism, holding forth its bony train of blessing in the shape of bank tariff, debt, &c. as substitutes for the plain and simple republican measures which sought the good of the whole people, practiced by the previous administrations. The atrocities of the mammoth monster were in part disclosed; yet in bold defiance of the universal exclamation which was hurled at this pet of Federalism, the men in power, themselves the abettors of its treason and recipients of the hordes plundered from widows and orphans, still clamored for a Bank. And then came the Veto, a message of peace and relief to the people, at which, like the exorcism of a saint, the evil ones fled away. The Cabinet broke up—the long talked of and never to be forgotten Extra Session, which was designed to perpetuate the system of fraud and plunder which was commenced at Harrisburg, and continued by the frauds and perjuries of 1840, ended in the disgrace and discomfiture of its originators. The insults to Tyler for his Veto, induced by exasperation at the defeat of wicked schemes, served only to swell the mighty rush of an insulted people to thunder through the ballot box their indignation at such schemes, and at the treachery and wickedness which authorized them. Still blind and still obstinate—with a fatuity characteristic of short sighted error—these men are still bent on mischief. With the voice of many thousands of the majority against them, they mean to persist in their schemes—with the wail of starvation borne by every breeze across the Atlantic, they are arguing that the adoption of the same schemes that have produced these distresses, will here have a directly contrary effect! But they will fail in their design; the people understand them and their objects too well. The same year that saw them assume power, has seen their defeat and ruin—another year will render them powerless.

In our own State, a similar fate has befallen Federalism during the past year, and most complete and humiliating was their defeat—a righteous verdict of the people for its usurpations and oppressions. And individuals may profit by the lessons which the political history of 1841 teaches. With every year we should review the events that have chequered our little life during its annual revolution, consider well the causes of our sorrows or misfortunes, and where they have resulted from our own follies and imprudence, resolve that in the year to come, past follies shall be thrown aside, and the teachings of experience be carefully heeded. No one that reflects upon his life in 1841, will loose by it in 1842; but if he wisely practice upon the lessons taught by experience, will be more prosperous and happy.

CONGRESS. In the House, the third instant, Mr. Thompson of Mississippi, gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill repealing the first seven sections of the Land Distribution Bill, passed at the Extra Session. The remaining sections relate to preemption rights.

Mr. Hopkins, of Va. also gave notice the same day, in conformity with what he believed to be the general sentiments of his constituents, of his intention to introduce a bill to repeal the Bankrupt Law.

In regard to the Land Bill, it is doubtful whether it goes into effect. Several of the State Legislatures have already passed resolutions not to receive their share of the proceeds. Other States will, doubtless, adopt the same policy, and thus virtually render the law nugatory. Our own State will be entitled to a considerable large share of the money. Our Legislature convenes to-morrow, with a Democratic majority in both branches. What line of policy it will adopt touching this matter, we cannot now determine; but it is fair to presume the bribe will be rejected. And why should it not be? Does not the President declare in his message that there will be a deficiency in the revenue of the General Government at the close of the year? Then why should Maine—why should any of the States take from the National Treasury money which should be applied to make up this deficit? It is hardly to be supposed, however, that the Distribution Act will be repealed during the present Session of Congress. It was a party measure—introduced by a partisan leader—adopted by a decided party vote—and as such, it will be tenaciously adhered to.

The Bankrupt Law, which goes into effect the first of February next, although supported by both parties at the time it was passed, will, we opine, be the cause of general dissatisfaction; and if not repealed at the present Session will not remain long in force.

The Tariff question has come up incidentally, owing to a motion to refer so much of the President's Message as relates to this subject to the Committee on Manufactures. A part of the members are in favor of referring it to the Committee of Ways and Means, who, it is supposed, will report against a high protective policy, or rather recommend such a tariff of duties as will merely supply the pecuniary wants of Government. If referred to the Committee on Manufactures, a report corresponding with the views of those who advocate special protective doctrines may be expected. Several days have been devoted to debate upon the subject already, and the debate took a wide range, the principles involved being argued at large. The advocates of a high tariff exhibit much variance of opinion as to the extent to which protection ought to be carried, while the anti-tariff men are all agreed against the principle of protection.

FIRST FRUITS OF THE DISTRIBUTION!—It seems, that the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury estimates the sum to be provided for, during the next year, to be more than fourteen millions. It proposes to cover this deficiency, in part, by a loan, (on the twelve millions not yet taken,) or by a re-issue of Treasury notes to the amount of five millions; and the balance of the deficit, and also the two millions, a surplus deemed necessary to be in the Treasury, are to be supplied by an increase of the Tariff. It then comes to this, that the United States are first to distribute among the States the Proceeds of the Public Lands, and then, to make up the deficiency, either by running into debt or taxing the people, or both! A more absurd old gentleman than Uncle Sam, under the guardianship of the Whigs does not exist beneath the canopy of Heaven! Will the South submit to the wise arrangement! For him to give away the little money he has got to the States, and then to raise upon the people of the South, perhaps double that sum by a tax on foreign goods. Was ever there a more preposterous arrangement?—*Richmond Enquirer.*

NORTH EASTERN BOUNDARY.—Major Graham, who has been employed in the arduous service of surveying the North Eastern Boundary line, passed through this city yesterday on his way to Augusta, and thence to Washington. He has had during the last summer about one hundred men in his employ. The trees upon the line are removed, on the tops of the hills to a space of about one hundred feet, and lessening in width down to the valleys, and the whole line cleared and bushed. The survey has been continued a few miles above the Grand Falls, very near which the line is found to run. The old line has been found very crooked, and the new running, with the "straight line, takes in several houses in the country below Grand Falls, and in some instances portions of the cleared fields of the farmers there. Some of them, would, at times, get exasperated at proceedings, but most of them were rather calm. About 60 miles of the line, through an unbroken forest, still remains to be surveyed.—*Bangor Whig.*

AN EMPTY TREASURY.—The Washington Correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce says:—

"The Treasury, I understand, is empty. Mr. Woodbury, I am told, says it is the first time since the organization of the Government, that the Treasury has been entirely empty at the end of the year. You are aware that the Congress Pay Bill passed a few days ago. This morning the members were anxious to get their pay.—Some of them needed it. But it was not to be got. There is not one cent in the Treasury or at command of the Government, to meet this appropriation."

LOUIS PHILIPPE the King of the French has written a letter to the *American People*, through President Tyler, thanking them in the warmest terms, for the cordial hospitality and respect with which they received his beloved son, the Prince de Joinville; and to the President he expresses his sincere obligations for the distinguished manner in which he received and entertained the Prince.—*Argus.*

AND STILL ANOTHER.—The New Orleans Bulletin of the 18th ult. contains a card, from which it appears that the first and second Tellers of the Commercial Bank in that city are minus to the amount of only \$26,148 15.

A LARGE FEE.—Henry Lockett and Randall Hunt, Esquires, have committed suits in the District Court against the Cotton Press Company for \$20,000, which they claim as a fee from the Company for their professional service in the great Bature case. These gentlemen received \$3000 as a retainer. The present claim is exclusive of that amount.—*N. O. Advocate.*

MORE REPUDIATION.—The Legislature of Indiana seems to manifest a disposition to repudiate all the bonds for which the State has not received a consideration, and a resolution has been introduced into the Senate, by a Whig member, to that effect. The resolution states the amount of such bonds to be \$3,041,000.

"HORRORS ON HORROR'S HEAD."—Mr. Hubbell Syse, a brother-in-law of sheriff Hart, while pressing his way through the crowd, a week or two since, in New York city, to witness the execution of Russell, fell down in a fit, and in spite of the best medical assistance, died in convulsions at the end of six hours.

MISFORTUNES.—Mr. Michael Driscoll, of Bangor, fell on Wednesday on the ice at that place, and broke his thigh. His wife in going to a neighbors, fell and broke her arm.

"Jane, what letter in the alphabet do you like best?"

"Well, I don't like to say, Mr. Snobbs."

"Pooh, nonsense—tell right out Jane. Which do you like best?"

"Well," (blushing and dropping her eyes,) "I like you (u) the best."

ANOTHER BREAK DOWN.—The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, of the 21st ult. says: "A gentleman has returned to town after visiting the Susquehanna Bridge Bank, Penn., who says it has failed outright, and that he fears but little provision has been made for the bill holders abroad. It is estimated that there is in Buffalo and vicinity, something like 12 or \$15,000 in circulation, a third of which is in the hands of the brokers."

THE PHILADELPHIA PRESENTMENT.—The Presentment made by the Grand Jury of Philadelphia, against Biddle & Co. of the United States Bank, has been quashed by the Judge of the Court of Criminal Session, for irregularity and illegality. So the accused are screened from trial.

Hon. HENRY CLAY has for a week past been confined to his room by a severe attack of pleurisy.

CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.

IN SENATE.

Mr. Benton, agreeably to notice given on Thursday last, asked leave to introduce a bill for the postponement of the operation of the Bankrupt law till July next, and to extend its provisions to the banking corporations. Mr. B. prefaced his motion with a long and able argument to show the necessity of the postponement, and the propriety and justice of including the banks.

He vehemently objected to the bill, as it passed, on the following grounds, viz:

That it was not a Bankrupt system according to the Constitution.

That it was an insolvent law.

That it was a law relating to property, and entirely within the jurisdiction of the States, and without the jurisdiction of the government.

That it brings causes properly triable in the State tribunals before the Federal Judiciary.

Some debate followed, in which it was contended by Mr. Henderson, that Banks were included in this act.

Individuals engaged in banking were, severally, subject to the law;

It would purge the country of spurious banks;

The petitions for the postponement of the act came from insolvent banks.

Mr. Calhoun was strongly in favor of the postponement, but would prefer a full repeal of the law. He was opposed, however, to the including of State banks in its provisions.

The bill was read the first and, by special order, the second time, and referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

IN THE HOUSE, the debate continued on the reference of the tariff portion of the President's Message. Mr. Weller spoke against the Protection System, and Messrs. Williams, of Tennessee, and Hudson, of Massachusetts, in favor of it. Mr. Williams glanced at the new fiscal project. He did not like it. It was half Sub-Treasury, half United States Bank. He could not go for it.

DIED.

In West Buckfield, January 1st, Mrs. Polly, wife of Nathaniel Harlow, Esq., aged 55 years. She has left a husband and eight children, together with a large circle of friends to mourn her loss; but they do not mourn as those who mourn without hope. She made a profession of religion in early life, and adorned that profession till her death with a well ordered life and conversation. Zion's Advocate please copy.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Auction at the Store of Hiram Hubbard in Paris, in said County, on Monday, the seventeenth day of January, A. D. eighteen hundred and forty-two, at two o'clock P. M., all the right in equity which ONES DANIELS, of Paris, in said County, has to redeem the Farm on which he now lives, it being the same Farm conveyed by said Daniels to Abner Andrews to secure the payment of two hundred and nine dollars and seventy-five cents and interest, and recorded in the Oxford Registry, Book 53, page 14, where reference is had; and the same premises conveyed to said Ones by John Daniels. The same having been attached on the original writ.

SIMEON CUMMINGS, Deputy Sheriff.
Paris, Dec. 11th, 1841. 3w33

List of Letters

REMAINING in the Post Office at Paris, January 1st, 1842

Andrews Edward Jr.	Garland John
Andrews Charles Esq.	Hubbard Daniel S.
Bowker James	King Samuel H.
Besse Alden	Mixer Arates 3
Besse Frederick	Newards Mary Anna
Bowker W. B.	Robinson Preston 2
Calwell J. P.	Rawson Nathan C.
Cushman Albert	Rawson E. Gliman
Cummings Alden S.	Russ James
Cole Eunice, 2	Ripley Orion
Cummings Harriet	Shaw & Howe
Colwell Joseph	Swift Eliza
Durell S. J. Co.	Swift James
Daniels James	Sergeant S. E. Esq.
Dunham William R.	Thayer Levi
Dunham Sampson	Tubbs Samuel
Dudley Josiah	Tubbs Ezra
Dearing Harriet	Whitmore Isiah
Dean Ester A.	Westcott Cyprian
Fobes Elbridge	Winslow Jacob
Goodnow John Esq.	Warner Nathan E.
3w35	SIMEON NORRIS, P. M.

Sheriff's Sale.

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at public auction at the Store of Jonathan Farrington, in Lovell said County, on Saturday, the twenty-ninth day of January next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right in equity which ABIAH WARREN has to redeem the Farm on which he now lives, it being Lot No. 3 in the 11th Range, situated in Waterford in said County; the same having been attached on the original writ, Isaac Hunt v. said Warren. For a particular description of the premises reference may be had to a deed from said Warren to Lemuel Chase, recorded at the District Registry in Paris, Book 46—pages 146 and 147, being subject to a mortgage from said Warren to said Chase to secure the payment of seventy-nine dollars and twenty cents with interest annually from the 11th day of May, 1835.

STEPHEN ANDREWS, Deputy Sheriff.
Lovell, Dec. 30th, 1841. 3w35

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber, either by note or account, are hereby notified that unless their demands are settled on or before the twentieth day of January next, they will be left with an Attorney for collection.

Paris, December 29, 1841. 3w35

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Auction at the Store of Hiram Hubbard in Paris, in said County, on Monday, the seventeenth day of January, A. D. eighteen hundred and forty-two, at one o'clock P. M., all the right in equity which SENECA LANDERS of Woodstock, in said County, has to redeem the land or Farm where he now lives and occupies, and is the same land conveyed by said Landers to Thomas Crocker on the 23d day of March, A. D. eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, by his Mortgage Deed of that date, for the security of the payment of one hundred dollars and interest, and recorded in the Oxford Registry Book 50—page 58—to which reference is had;—the same having been attached on the original writ.

SIMEON CUMMINGS, Deputy Sheriff.
December 9th, 1841. 3w33

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at public auction at the Store of Jesse Bradford, in Turner, in said County, on Friday the twenty-eighth day of January, A. D. eighteen hundred and forty-two, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right, title and interest which HENRIK MERRILL, of Turner, in said County, has in and to the Farm on which he now lives, and all right of improvement in and to the same.

JOSEPH CHILD, Deputy Sheriff.
3w33

Administratrix's Sale.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a license from the Probate Court for the County of Oxford, the subscriber will sell at Public Auction at her dwelling house on the premises, on Monday, the seventeenth day of January next, at one o'clock P. M., so much of the real estate lately belonging to SAMUEL BARTLETT, late of Rumford, in said County, deceased, including the reversion of the widow's dower if necessary, as will produce the sum of one hundred and seventy-five dollars, for the payment of the just debts of said deceased, charges of administration and incidental charges.

SARAH J. BARTLETT, Administratrix.
Rumford, Dec. 16th, 1841. 3w33

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN on execution and will be sold at public auction, at the store of Jesse Bradford, in Turner, in said County, on Friday the twenty-eighth day of January, A. D. eighteen hundred and forty-two, at one o'clock P. M., all the right in equity which Franklin Gilbert, of Turner, in said County, has to redeem the land or farm on which he now lives, it being the farm well known as the Caleb Gilbert farm.

WESLEY THORP, Dept. Sh. F.
Turner, Dec. 21, 1841. 3w34

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

FURTHER time of six months from the twenty-fourth day of August last, having been allowed to the creditors of the estate of

ANTEPASS DURELL.

late of Woodstock, in the County of Oxford, deceased, to bring in and prove their claims against said estate, the Commissioners on said estate will be in session, for the purpose of receiving and examining said claims at the office of Joseph G. Cole, in said Paris, on Saturday, the nineteenth day of February next, at nine o'clock A. M.

JOSEPH G. COLE, Com'rs.
Paris, 1841. 3w33

Guardian's Sale.

Will be sold at public Auction on Saturday, the twenty-fifth day of December next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the School House in School District No. 1, in the town of Hartford, all the right, title and interest that Faith F. Soule, Beza Soule, John Soule, Dorcas Soule, and Valencia Soule, minor children of Beza Soule, late of Hartford, deceased, have in and to the homestead Farm of the said Beza, being a part of lot numbered sixteen in the sixth Range of lots situated in that part of Hartford formerly called Thompson's Grant.

CYRUS THOMPSON, Jr. Guardian.
Hartford, November 30th, 1841. 3w31

THE subscribers appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, Commissioners to receive and examine all the claims of the several creditors of the estate of Ebenezer Peterson, late of Fryburg, in said County, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give public notice that six months from the third day of August are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend to the same on the sixth day of January next, at ten o'clock in the morning, at the office of said Judge, in said Fryburg, on each of those days at the office of Stephen Emory & Son in Paris.

ALBION PAGE, Com'rs.
Fryburg, November 30th, 1841. 3w31

